

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.
For one year, in advance, \$1.75 per annum. For six months, \$1.00. For three months, \$0.50. For one month, \$0.15. Single copies, 5 cents. All payments in advance. No subscription accepted unless the option of the publisher is taken. The paper is published every Monday except on the day of the election. It is published at the office of the publisher, No. 100 North Second Street, Gettysburg, Pa. The paper is published at the office of the publisher, No. 100 North Second Street, Gettysburg, Pa. The paper is published at the office of the publisher, No. 100 North Second Street, Gettysburg, Pa.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STABLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR. 1ST YEAR. GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, NOV. 29, 1858. NO. 9.

The Poet's Corner.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

In summer days I till the ground,
And sow the seed, and get my bread,
No interval can there be found
Between my labor and my bed.
My wife declines to knit by night,
And I to read by candle-light.
But when the south receives the sun,
Beyond the equinoctial line—
When all my summer work is done,
Substantial pleasures there are mine.
Then I begin to knit at night,
And I to read by candle-light.
I'm then content, and never sigh,
Nor fly from home some bliss to find;
And I am pleased as well as I—
To see my wife so busy and kind.
To see her read by candle-light,
And hear her read by candle-light.
For when I read, she always hears,
And what she hears she tries to scan;
When I explain it if I can,
She tells me if I tell her I can.
Oh! how she loves to knit by night,
And hear me read by candle-light!

"LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

"A life on the Ocean Wave!"
The man who wrote it was green;
He never has been to sea,
And a storm he has never seen.
He never has been aroused
From the morning's gentle doze,
By the sound of spitting water,
As it fell from the horizon's bow!
He never has heard a man
Struggling right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead.
He never has seen a fat woman
Grow thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
To throw her life into the sea.
While people look carefully on,
Though in tears the woman may be,
And unseeing say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea.
And O! he has never been sea-sick
And crept into bed in his coat,
While every motion increased his seasickness,
And his rest was all in his throat.
That man may have sailed in a boat,
In some puddle or on a pond;
But if he has been to sea and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned.
[M. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

The Story Book.

THE BOY PATRIOTS.

A REVOLUTIONARY ADVENTURE.

History is filled with the deeds of the men of the Revolution, nor are the patriots forgotten in the "burning words" of the annals of '76; but where is the historian who tells of the patriotism of the boys of that gloomy period? Who writes their biographies?
There were boys in the Revolution—boys of noble patriotism and dauntless spirit—boys who would not become traitors, though the rack and gibbet confronted them; boys who toiled with an unflinching and boldness unequalled in the annals of the nation, for the independence of the "Old Thirteen," and had they now a just desert, the brightest star in the American constellation, and the widest stripe in her broad canvas, would be dedicated to the boys of '76.
Let us relate an instance. It was in the year 1777. Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave the American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scoured the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would have disgraced a vandal.
On the evening of a delightful autumn day a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenacious storehouse in the village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely; with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being was to be seen. All the men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the narrator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His bright blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plump homely jacket throbbed a heart which never quailed in danger nor shrank before any obstacle. His father was the commander of the Delaware regular troops, and his mother was dead. The boy couched his narration, and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army. "I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket, I would not stand idly here, with my hands hanging useless by my side."
"Are there no guns of any kind in the village?" asked a listening youth.
"None. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that old Tory, Livingston, has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."
"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard.
"He has no one to assist him, except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easily as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son. James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy.
If there are any three bows in this country who will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go just step forward three paces!"
Every boy in that little crowd, with-

out a moment's hesitation, stepped forward.

The boy's eyes flashed like stars.—"Now by the old of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's residence, though death stands in my path!"

With a firm tread, and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Squire Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events, he was generally regarded by the genuine Whigs as a dangerous man, and, therefore, avoided. His house was situated a short distance from White-creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted storehouse in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the darker shades of night; still, it was not dark. The new moon was shining brightly in the clouds and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining a solemn silence. At length they gained the bank of the creek, and slowly following the winding path, soon came in sight of the object of their destination. As they came to the little bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into the Whitecreek, James Wilson ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoitre the premises first to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here until we return. Make no noise, and keep a constant watch!"
James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost to the eye in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarcely had they gone from the view of their companions, ere the quick eye of Wilson detected a noise. "Hiss!" said he to Frank, as he pulled him behind a gigantic beech tree. The noise soon resolved itself into a human foot fall, and in another moment George Livingston, the Tory's son, stood opposite to the tree. James Wilson darted from his cover, and tightly grasped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a leaf.

"Speak one word," said his captor, "and I'll toss you in the creek!"
The Tory's son was struck dumb with fright, and before he had recovered from his stupor, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the rifle, like grip of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear?"
"Yes," gasped the affrighted youth.
"Who are in your father's house at this moment?"
"I—I cannot tell," stammered the half-frighted boy.

"You shall tell, or—"
"Spur me, as I will disclose everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our own family and—Major Bardstone."
"Who is he?" asked James.
"I don't know, indeed I don't."
"Tell!" threatened Frank.
"He is the Captain of the Yorkshire Dragoons."

The blue eyes of James gleamed with joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father as a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous designs that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and women and children left exposed to the mercy of a pitiless foe. The old Tory was to receive as his reward the land whereupon the village stood, and an annual pension from the English Government.

But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a Tory neighbor, about two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them, besides the captain. Major Bardstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant of the sickly wife. Not a few in that youthful band of patriots trembled for the safety of a widowed mother or defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp on the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent.

The prisoner was tied hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Wilson motioned his little band to follow, and in a few moments they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung Whitecreek, and from which a view of the village could be obtained.

"New boys," said James Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true; and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boat, and we have an hour to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red-coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom!"

Each boy set immediately to work, and in a very short space of time some of the large rocks, weighing from a half to one ton, were placed on the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British band descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot, and if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour, the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered; "let no one drop his rock until I give the word, and then all at once!"
It was a beautiful night to wreak a work of death. The heavens were spangled with innumerable stars, and every object which the moon beams played upon sparkled with a silvery radiance.

Closer came the doomed royalists, and the hearts of the boy patriots beat wildly in their bosoms. Peering cautiously over the cliff, James Wilson saw the Tory boat slowly, but surely, approaching. An officer stood on the bow, guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the oarsmen on his shoulders told that it was the identical fleet, Major Bardstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.
When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defence, and shouted, "Who goes there?"
In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with amazement above them. The impetus which the boat had acquired caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, forth came the doomed voyagers. "Cut loose, in the name of liberty!"
Each boy pushed his rock at the instant, and with one impulse the gigantic stone fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and when the exultant boys again looked over the rock nothing was to be seen but a few pieces of floating wood. The boat had been burst to pieces, and the occupants had found a watery grave at the bottom of the Whitecreek. A cry of victory burst from the joyful lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along the old creek in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead, but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that, in the effort to free himself, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of America's foes forever," said James Wilson.
Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls, etc., were found concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found there were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at their headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the Whitecreek, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory parties of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard joined the army of Green, and served with distinction in the Southern campaigns. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bowled by all who knew him. James Wilson lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever-to-be-remembered words on his lips: "Cut loose in the name of liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scene of the defeat, by the band of boy patriots, is still pointed out, and it is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

Such, reader, were the acts of the boys of '76, and though they have no monumental pile to preserve their memories, they live in legend, song and verse, where they will exist when history has been swept into obscurity.

Let our literary men redeem from darkness the deeds of American youths, and while they recount the noble achievements of our revolutionary patriots, let them not forget the boy heroes.

At last supper was announced, and in a hushed undertone of every body, and seating himself about the center of the table, began to beckon every waiter whose eye he could catch, but no one, to his indignation, approached him until after the ladies had been seated and served, when he was asked whether he would take some ham.

"Ham?" exclaimed he, with most profound astonishment. "Do you suppose, sir, I can eat five dollars worth of ham? Bring us some of your pound cake and such like!"

An Irish Repartee.—The Irish mind is a never failing source of wit. The following is the latest specimen:
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"Not like Mr. P—, my son? I thought everybody liked him. He is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?"
"Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Saturday to Monday. And I was just as still as I could be and he did not speak to me nor look at me once, and Mr. C— always puts his hand on my head when he comes and says— 'How does Charley do to-day?' just as though he loved me."

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Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half opened, and then it was plucked in the early morning, all fresh and dower, and placed in water ready for school-time.

When she returned from school a cloud rested upon her usually sunny face; and upon inquiring its cause, she cried as though her little heart would break.— "You know my beautiful rose. Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them half so sweet as that; and when I carried it to her, she just laid it on her desk, and didn't look at it once, and said, 'Take your seat, Carrie.'"

How easy to have said, "Thank you, Carrie," and smiled upon the child and filled her little heart with grateful love, instead of grief.
Remember the little ones.

A Yarn by But Lovengood.
We have often heard, but never ventured to publish, a good yarn on Dr. Thompson, of Atlanta, a generous good man, and a tip-top landlord and wit; but he certainly caught it once.
A traveler called very late for breakfast; the meal was hurriedly prepared, and the Thompsons feeling that the "feed" was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the eater, who worked on in silence, never raising his head beyond affirmative influence of his fork, or by an act acknowledging even the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather "dead" the doctor, who, changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his vest arm-holes, expanded his chest by robbing the room of half its air and said:
"Now, Mister, don't turn me if I haven't made all the apology necessary, and more too, considering the breakfast and you get it; and now, I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse looking, and a sight smaller breakfasts than this, several times."

The somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Webster appearing as counsel for the appellant, Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight upon the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up.— And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out:
"We don't want to hear what you know."

Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony.

And notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the deep pinch to his nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which he held to his face as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?"
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The roar of the court-house was such that the future defender of the Constitution subsided and neither rose nor spoke again until Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness—having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.

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Among the company of a grand five dollar ball given at New Orleans last spring, in honor of some public event, was a green 'un, who had never seen anything of the kind upon so grand a scale and was totally at a loss to understand the ridiculous new fangled dance which prevailed. Paying an enormous price for a ticket and having been fasting for some time in anticipation of the supper, his whole thoughts were directed to the enjoyment in that line in store for him. He strode up and down the saloon with his hands in his pantaloons pockets, accepting every waiter he encountered with:
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Return to the City of New York.
The Albany Register reports the return to the city of New York, of a man taken prisoner by the Canadian Indians in 1858, near Eagle Pass, while on his way from Texas to California. He furnishes the following:

Leo's life was spared because the Indians could not manage a repeating watch which he carried. The watch saved his life. In the Camanche camp Mr. Leo found no less than twenty-eight captured white women, and some thirty or forty children. A day or two after he arrived in camp, they massacred an English woman, named Anna Haskin, in a most cruel manner. They flung her naked to a tree, and in the presence of her two daughters, Margaret and Harriet Haskin, inflicted the most revolting cruelties upon her. Before Mrs. Haskin was finally despatched, she was tortured for nearly half a day, during which time the Indians became excited with liquor and danced about her like so many demons. They took sharp pieces of flint and cut her flesh in all possible directions. Mrs. Haskin and her daughters were captured while on their way to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. The daughters still remain with the Indians. Their ages are 17 and 19. Leo made his escape in the following manner: He was accompanying the chief of the Camanches to a lodge some miles distant. During the tramp they met a party of Indians; the Indians gave the chief a skin filled with liquor. The chief drank of the spirits and became excited. Arriving at a creek he dismounted and stooped down to drink. At this moment Leo seized his tomahawk, split his head open and killed him instantly. He then took the chief's rifle, mounted the chief's horse, and put for Mexico. When he reached Mexico he was completely naked, while his feet and legs were so swollen from being cut by the cactus plant that he could go only some eight miles a day. The last hundred miles he did on foot, his horse having died of exhaustion. The Mexicans treated him very kindly, and gave him money and clothing to reach home. The clothes he now wears in Albany are those given him by the Mexicans.

The Law of Courts.
During our late Court of Quarter Sessions, the jury, in the trial of a simple assault and battery, rendered a verdict of not guilty, but directed the defendant to pay the costs of prosecution. This is no unusual occurrence in our Courts of Justice; and the verdict, in such cases, is in strict conformity with the act of the 8th of December, 1844, which says, that in all acquittals by the petit jury, on indictments in all cases except felonies, the jury trying the same shall determine, by their verdict, whether the county, or the prosecutor, or the defendant, or defendants, shall pay the costs of prosecution. We have, therefore, no fault to find with the jury in the case we have referred to; the law is clear, and the public attention to the gross absurdity of the law under which the verdict was given.

In nearly all the ordinary cases of misdemeanors, the costs are the most serious item in the finding of the jury. In fact, they constitute the principal part of the penalty. Imprisonment is rarely inflicted by the Court, in its punishment for an assault and battery. To be found guilty, a verdict which entails the costs of prosecution with it, and to be acquitted but ordered to pay the costs, amount nearly to the same thing; and indeed in most instances, the actual result is precisely the same. To declare a man not guilty, upon the defence as presented to the jury, certainly means that, in the eye of the law, he did not commit the offence with which he stands indicted; and if such be the case, why should he be punished by the infliction of a penalty, which would, in reality, be no greater if he were found guilty by the jury? But it is said that in some cases, while the evidence is not strong enough to convict, it is of such character as to leave an impression upon the minds of the jury that the defendant might be guilty; and therefore, he should be made to pay the costs. This reasoning is in direct opposition to the settled principle of law, which always gives the benefit of the doubt to the accused. If the testimony be not conclusive as to the guilt of the defendant, he has a right to an acquittal; and, in such an event, it is a palpable absurdity to impose upon him the burden of the costs. Common sense and common justice demand that this defect in the law, as it strikes us to be, should be cured—and the only way to correct the summing evil is to change the Act of Assembly upon which our verdicts are founded.—York Gazette.

Penn's Deed from the Indians in 1685.
This indenture witnesseth that we, Packenah, Jarckham, Sikals, Partquessott, Jervis, Easpenack, Feltkro, Hekallappan, Eonass Machidoga, Metheong, Wassa Powery, Indian Kings, Sachemars, right owners of all lands from Quing Quing, called Duck Creek, unto Upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the west of Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backward as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and consideration of these following goods, to us in hand paid by William Penn, proprietor and Governor of the province of Pennsylvania and Territories thereof, viz:

20 guns, 20 fathoms mitchcud, 50 fathoms strand water, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 43 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 barrels red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 saw blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 50 steel flints, 30 pair of scissors, 30 comb, 60 looking glasses, 200 needles, 1 skin of seal, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 Java harps, 20 boxes, 30 gins, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads. Do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hands, &c., at Newcastle, second day of the eighth month, 1685.

The above is a true copy from a copy taken from the original, by William Merton, now living in Lancaster county, Penna., formerly a clerk in the Land Office, which copy was given to Stratton, and from Stratton the above was taken in Little York, the 24th day of December, 1812.

A man was found in the street the other day, who was suddenly struck by lightning and knocked down.

Cold—these mornings.



W. J. Stable, Editor and Proprietor.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Monday Morning, Nov. 29, 1858.

Chit-Chat.

It is rumored that the Secretary of State has demanded that the Spanish minister should explain the object of the demonstrations now being made by Spain against Mexico.

A filibustering expedition against Mexico is said to be on foot in Texas.

Ex-Governor Samuel May has signed his willingness to accept the Governorship of Kansas, which was tendered him a week ago.

The State ticket in Illinois has been carried by the Opposition by a majority of 1,500 or 2,000. (Rep.) carried the State for Governor at the last election by about 6,000 majority.

The St. Louis Democrat says: "There is some probability that an application will be made to Congress at the approaching session, for the organization of 'Lamarie Territory,' being the western half of Kansas, including the gold region.

In 1854 we were worse beaten by Know-Nothingism than by the Coalition this fall, and yet in 1856 we routed the Opposition and triumphantly carried our candidate for President.

Late advices from Mexico state that the whole of that country, except the capital, is now in possession of the Liberals, and that an attack was also made upon the City of Mexico by the latter party on the 15th ult., which was nearly successful, and that they felt confident that, in a second attempt, which is soon to be made, they will succeed.

The Committee on Elections in the next House of Representatives will be the most important Committee of the body, as its decision may control the political complexion of Congress. There will be no less than five contested seats.

N. P. Willis "hates the build of a trotting sulky, with a driver looking as if his spine was screwed into the axle-tree—a man with wheels yet to him."

When you doubt between words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks.

The Democratic party is, in truth, the only People's Party that has ever had an organization in this country. All others are bogus.

Niggerism can never prevail over the Democracy in a Presidential contest. The free people of this great Republic value their liberties too highly to suffer any sectional party to triumph over the Constitution of their country.

Falling upon a railroad track and being crushed to death by a locomotive, seems to be a favorite method of committing suicide, now-a-days.

It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes farther when left out of doors than well-housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

James B. Clay has sold the residence of Henry Clay, Ashland, for 200,000 acres of Texas land.

Mr. Richard Ten Broeck has returned home after a long sojourn in England. It is Mr. Ten Broeck's intention to go back to England in the spring, and to take with him some fresh American horses to test their qualities again on the English turf.

A citizen of this State, Mr. George Washington Reifender, of Pottsville, Pa., is, it is said, accepted Tom Tyler's challenge to fight any man in the world for \$10,000.

The new U. S. Senators elect from Oregon, Smith and Gen. Lane, have arrived at Washington and will take their seats as soon as the new State is admitted.

Mr. John B. Perdue, of Worcester county, Md., has in his garden an onion over four feet in diameter. It has been there 14 years and is still growing.

The dead letter branch of the General Post Office has just closed another quarter's work. During the three months which terminated on the 30th ult., there were found two thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine letters, which contained money amounting in the aggregate to \$12,921 82. Total, in the year, twelve thousand one hundred and two letters and \$61,239 72 in money.

A Southern paper thinks the neutrality of the Atlantic Cable, which was so earnestly hoped for by President Buchanan, has been fully established. It hasn't a word to say on either side.

The Indianapolis Journal relates how a heartless desertion of an expectant bride took place in that city on Thursday evening. The supper was prepared, the guests came, the lady—widow—was waiting in her bridal attire, but the expected bridegroom came not. It was afterwards ascertained that he went that very afternoon to Hartford, Ind., to marry another lady.

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can split his temper to his circumstances.

A big spelling match is announced in Coryngton, Ohio, at the high school, when the lad that stands longest on the floor, and spells the biggest words without scratching his head, is to receive a fine present.

To be Remembered!

"Not only in Illinois, but in all the States wherever the greatest ignorance prevails, there the Democratic majority is the largest."—Star.

The Star managers, then, would like the public to believe that the Know Nothings and Black Republicans constitute the "all-the-intelligence and all-the-decency" party? A pretty crew, indeed, to set up such a claim. Democrats, stick a pin there."

A Singular Vote.—At the late election in Massachusetts, the town of South Danvers voted as follows, for Governor:

Banks, Republican.....444
Beach, Democrat.....444
Lawrence, American.....444

That town was very impartial in its favors, and was determined that no party should have cause to complain of it.

Congress meets next Monday.

The Recent Elections and their Influence upon the next Presidential Contest.

Since the first of August last, says the Bedford Gazette, elections have been held in a number of States, North and South. From the results of these elections, we may form some idea of the relative strength of the different political parties and of the probable condition in which they will severally enter into the great battle which is to be fought two years hence. In Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas and North Carolina, the Democrats count their gains by thousands and tens of thousands, whilst in the remaining Southern States, that have recently voted, they retain the ascendancy, by their usual majorities.

The fourteen Southern States that cast their votes for Mr. Buchanan, in 1856, are more firmly Democratic than ever. But in the North, parties and politics are in an unsettled condition. A combination of the isms opposed to the Democracy, has triumphed in two of the five Northern States that voted for Mr. Buchanan, viz: "Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The remaining three, Indiana, Illinois and California, (the last named by a largely increased majority,) are still Democratic. The rest of the Northern States, with the exception of Minnesota, remain Black Republican, as they were in 1856, although in most of them there are heavy Democratic gains.

For instance, in New York the Democracy are beaten by about fifteen thousand, whilst Fremont's majority over Buchanan was 80,000, and the combined vote of Fremont and Fillmore exceeded that of Buchanan 295,000.—This shows a Democratic gain in this State in two years of 65,000! In Maine, Massachusetts and even in Vermont, there are Democratic gains. In Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin, the Black Republican majorities are greatly reduced, and in each of the last two the Democrats gain a member of Congress. In short, the vote of the North is considerably less emphatic against the Democracy than it was two years ago. Demagogues may talk about the people rebuking the Administration; but they cannot make figures lie, and when they come to count their Anti-Democratic majority in the Northern States that have just spoken, they will find themselves decidedly unable to cipher it up as large as in 1856.

In Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin, all of which were formerly Democratic, the Democracy have once more obtained a foothold, by electing some of their candidates for Congress. The tendency of these States is now toward their first love and the Black Republicans are already apprehensive of their return to the Democratic party in 1860. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the success of the Opposition will prove but temporary, their supremacy in these States, whenever they obtained it, having always been spasmodic and short-lived. The shrewd and calculating men of the Opposition, even now concede those States to the Democrats at the next election.

The result in New York, notwithstanding the defeat of the Democratic candidate for Governor, is ominous to the Opposition. It is a triumph for Seward and the ultra Black Republicans. It is the annihilation of Crittenden; it scatters the so-called "People's Party" to the four winds of heaven.

Hence, in making up our opinion as to the nature and issue of the next Presidential campaign, we cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that a Democratic President will again be chosen on the first Tuesday of November, 1860.

The Star's "twists" in order to rid its party of the odium of the Bendersville effigy-burning affair, are becoming really funny! After being called on in these columns, for several successive weeks, to deny the disgraceful business if they could, the managers refer us to—what do you suppose, reader?—the figures of the late election!

If any heretofore doubted the entire truth of our statement in regard to the outrage referred to, surely they cannot longer do so. The Star's persistent refusal to deny our charges—to "face the music"—is "proof strong as holy writ" of our position. "So mote it be."

JOEL B. WANNER, Esq., has been nominated as the candidate of the Democracy of Berks county, to fill the vacancy in Congress occasioned by the resignation of Hon. J. GLANCY JONES.

The nominee is a sound National Democrat, a man of high social position, and one who has never faltered in his party attachment. The Resolutions of the Convention re-affirm the National sentiments heretofore expressed by the Democracy of that county, reiterate unabated and unshaken confidence in the wisdom, purity and statesmanship of JAMES BUCHANAN. The Democracy of Berks are preparing for the coming contest, and we look for the election of Mr. WANNER by a decided majority.

Hon. THOMAS L. HARRIS, member of Congress from the Sixth district in Illinois, died on Wednesday last, of consumption, after a long illness.

Wm. Heyser, Esq., has been elected President of the Bank of Chambersburg, and G. B. Messersmith, Cashier.

Gambrell and Ford have both been sentenced to be hung in Baltimore, for the murder of police officers.

Against the Tariff.

The New York Evening Post, one of the leading Republican journals of the country, is, out strongly against an increase of the Tariff. It discourses particularly of the persistent efforts of the Ironmasters to secure protection to their interests, without regard to "the immense mischief to agriculture and to industries of every kind which dear iron inflicts." The Post says—"Give protection to a given thing, and the evil imposes itself as a necessity upon all interests which have to use it." Further—"A false prosperity is created; the industries of the cities and towns are stimulated to excess; the agricultural interests are neglected, then laid prostrate, and finally reaction begins."

And still further—"Protection must necessarily break down all the industries of a nation more or less effectually, and to the extent of its application to the interests standing at the very threshold of commerce." This is the view taken of protection by one of the most influential Republican journals in the United States. The Post may be regarded as the organ of that branch of the Republican party in New York and New England which follows the lead of Sumner and Banks, the Tribune being the organ of the other or tariff branch.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania may judge from these outgivings of the Post, what amount of support their protective policy will receive from their brethren in the East. The Ironmasters also can estimate the value to themselves of the late Republican victories in the North, to which they contributed so greatly.

The people would not believe it, though it was told to them, that the Republicans in the Congress which expired the day Mr. Buchanan took the Presidential chair, had reduced the Tariff of 1816. It was true, however; and if the people will just pay attention to the proceedings of Congress hereafter, they will see that the Republicans of the East and the West are no more friendly to protection than the Democracy of the South. So says the Valley Spirit.

Let Kansas Alone.

A Mysterious Disappearance.—Our Kansas correspondent informs us that the Free-State party in that Territory has suddenly disappeared. A Convention recently held to take steps for admission as a Free State, and to arrange for future political movements, was very thinly attended and finally adjourned without doing anything at all. This result is due partly to the conviction that the contest is over and that Kansas can never be anything but a Free State, and partly to the desire of the people of Kansas to attend somewhat to their own affairs. They are all very actively engaged in cultivating their farms, building houses and barns, and making themselves generally comfortable. We trust they will be abundantly successful.—N. Y. Times of Tuesday.

There is no question as to the fact, that the people of Kansas, irrespective of political opinions, desire a season of peace and quietness after the stormy struggle through which they have passed. The experiment which the Emigrant Aid Society of Massachusetts tried upon this unfortunate Territory, like many other experiments, have been both costly and unprofitable.

Sensible Talk.

The Boston Traveller, an opposition paper, usually has an eye to the windward, and now evidently foresees the defeat of sectionalism in 1860. It admits that the Democrats "are sensible men," and adds:

"It is one of the felicities of the Democratic party that it generally gets beaten at the right time, and becomes wise under the rod. It has a vast vitality, and is so hard to kill that its destruction is one of those things that are never thought to be possible."

"The Wild Hunt after Office."—The Reading Gazette says that the number of applicants for the several Clerkships of the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, which the mutations of politics have placed at the disposal of the Opposition for the coming session, is truly surprising. Their name is legion. And what is yet more surprising is the fact that the largest proportion of these aspirants for the honor of doing drudges' work for the Legislature, consists of editors! The Harrisburg Union gives up the attempt to enumerate them, in utter despair. It says, "the shortest way of getting at the matter would be to make out a list of Opposition editors who are not candidates."

The last Know Nothing "Roar-back"—is—that the lowest of the enthrallments in Baltimore are Democrats!—The assertion bears the lie upon its very face, for if they really were Democrats their "chanks would have been put out" long ago by the secret assassins who compose the "Plug Ugly" and "Blood Thub" clubs of that city. The whole secret of the killing of the two police officers is, that they were witnesses against two long-shielded Know Nothing desperadoes. They were murdered only that the facts in their possession might be wiped out with their lives.

Walker's Third Expedition against Nicaragua, which was to sail from Mobile on Saturday week, was prevented by the U. S. authorities refusing a clearance to the steamer. The filibusters, who had gathered there in considerable numbers, were exceedingly indignant, mobbed the officers of the steamer, and demanded the return of their passage money. No doubt WALKER will give the authorities the slip, as he has before, and get off either from that or some other point.

The Compiler.

Mr. STABLE.—The editor of the Star, I observe, is again at his old tricks of singling out the Catholics from the rest of mankind. His time, however, has undergone a considerable change within the last twelve months, and he is now flatter himself, in view of the new arrangements that he was compelled to observe during the recent campaign, that he stands better with the Catholics than you do, since he was "told by an intelligent (?) Catholic" the other day, that he (the Catholic) would rather meet an enemy fairly face to face, than have nestling near his bosom a faithless and miscreant friend."

Notwithstanding this is an age of wonders and anomalies, still I should like to see the *outlandish* of that intelligent Catholic that talked thus to one of the most malignant persecutors the Catholics have ever had in this country—one that has done all in his power to make the very name of Catholic a by-word of ridicule and reproach; and one that now, on finding it unprofitable even to the Know Nothing cause, to continue their open enemy, "face to face," is thus fawningly endeavoring to "nestle near their bosom," so that he may be enabled to command their votes, obtain their patronage, and regain the power of betraying them when-ver his interest or his malice may induce him again to "change his ground."

Four years ago, when he was a Whig to Whigs, and anything & else to "Sam" and "Sambo" in the dark and while fearing that the color of his face might betray the rankings of the heart, he conceived the idea of singling out and addressing his "Catholic friends" an exclusive "word of advice," through the columns of his paper. In this address he first appealed to their fidelity as Whigs to stick to their ticket. Next he recounted in glowing terms the favors and uniform impartiality that they were the recipients of at the hands of the fathers of the great conservative Whig party; and finally he forewarned them of the awful consequences that their desertion of the Whig party in her hour of extremity would draw down upon them and their posterity, even to the remotest generation.

The very thing our friend was "nestling" this "near the bosom" of the Whig party, and flatterings, as he thought, the vanity of the "intelligent Catholic," he was nightly meeting the sworn enemies of both in the bowels of the earth, plotting and planning the most effectual mode of destroying the one and of humbling and degrading the very name of the other. After a vindictive campaign of four years, and on finding that the majority of the people of Adams county are opposed to proscriptive of any kind, this bigot has now the hardihood to endeavor to persuade the *intelligent* Catholics that he is their friend, rather than one who has never treated them as Christian brethren, and as equals in all things.

But, says the editor of the Star, "the day of humbuggery is past—that a people after being fooled once or twice are not so easily gulled again;" to which the Whig party, had it not been garroted to eternal silence by such Know Nothings as the editor of the Star, would sigh its last Amen; and to which Wm. B. Wilson, Esq., in view of the indignities that were heaped out to him, and the success that was promised him, although the assurance comes late,—might heartily respond *ditto*; while the *Sentinel*, should it not have undergone a change on the subject in the last three years, would undoubtedly join in the chorus.

Time, however, must prove the aptness of the prediction, since it is so well known by past experience that the prophecies of the Star must be received and treated with caution and due allowance.

I perceive the editor of the Star admits he has been making *ultra* faces at you. This is candid in him, since he and everybody else knows that, unless he has lately undergone a physical improvement, he could not have made pretty faces at you, handsome as you are, or at anybody else.

You should let him off on the Paddy, the Banner and the Bell question by all means, now that you have "gored him enough," and since he has again changed his ground in regard to the Catholics. If he keeps on in his present track, at the speed he has recently adopted, one year after this he will be crying as lustily "for the man" that dared to burn that Paddy, ring that Bell, or carry that bloody Banner, as the hero in the fable was "for the man that struck Billy Patterson." Adieu for the present, "S.—" Jr.

Beyond all question the wisest set of men in the nation are the Washington correspondents of the newspapers. They know all that is going on, and a great deal more. Their investigations are carried into every branch of public affairs, and their information is consequently as unbounded as their impudence. Their productions are of course very effective, whether consisting of profound essays upon abstract politics, or interesting tittle-tattle, concerning the President and members of the Cabinet. The difficulty with these corresponding gentry is, that they know entirely too much. They afford varied and amusing miscellany to order, according to the state of the scandal market, which must either be derived from the most intimate intercourse with governmental officials, or acquired by patiently applying the ear to key holes. How else could it be known that Mr. Cobb is seriously meditating the folly of proposing a tax on tea and coffee, as a means of replenishing the exhausted Treasury? or that the President is favorable to a specific duty upon iron, and other members of the Cabinet opposed to it? or that Erastus Corning has been sent for to supplant Mr. Cobb? or that Mr. Buchanan looks severe and troubled, stamps his foot in a passion, and exhibits evidence of ungovernable rage at every newspaper article that is presumed not to accord with his views? And yet these wise correspondents daily afford the public the most accurate details of what is occurring at Washington, from great political movements to the precise condition of the President's temper and ardor. As for the members of the Cabinet, they are not even permitted to think as they please. The sensation manufacturers manage that job for them—so we know exactly what Judge Black and Colby and Gon. Cass think of each other, and they of the President, and the President of them, long before they know it themselves. This is one of the

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manifest advantages of the fast press of these days. Now, if it had not been for this peculiar penetration, the world would have remained entirely ignorant of the fact that "Glancy Jones has returned to Reading (from Washington) a most unhappy man." Paul Pry discovered the great truth, and certainly deserves the thanks of the country therefor.—Harrisburg Patriot & Union.

Town & County Affairs.

LOCAL NEWS TO THE LATEST MOMENT.

The First Locomotive in Gettysburg! A Sight to be Remembered!—"The good time," so long anticipated by the people of this region, is now near enough reality to be classed among the things that are.

On Friday last, the first Railroad Locomotive entered within our borough limits. Not a visionary, impalpable concern, but a regular, "live," puffing and snorting "Iron Horse," with friend FULLER as "driver."

The train came probably three hundred feet west of the bridge across Rock Creek, laden with iron for the completion of the track to the Engine House. Scores of our citizens were attracted to the spot, and when the cars departed, their elated feelings gave vent in three rousing cheers. It was indeed a gratifying sight, and the 26th of November, 1858, will long be remembered by those present.

Railroad Items.

The Engine House and Freight Depot are under roof, and workmen are engaged inside to prepare them for use as soon as possible. The Turn Table is nearly completed; and the mason work upon the Passenger Station is being pushed with commendable vigor. We are glad to note the activity displayed by all concerned. They are certainly doing everything in their power for the speedy completion of the entire work.

Railroad Opening.

To answer a hundred inquiries at once, we state that the President and Directors of the Gettysburg Railroad Company have resolved not to have the formal "Opening" of the road, until it shall be fully completed and in running order, so that a regular business may be done upon it after the day fixed.—From the forwardness of the work on the track and the several buildings, we suppose the exact time for the "Opening" will be announced shortly.

Express.

One of the Superintendents of Adams & Co's. Express was in town on Friday last, and effected an arrangement with the Railroad Company for the carrying of Express matter over their road—the arrangement to go into effect as soon as the regular running of trains shall commence.

MESSRS. SHEAFS, BUEHLER & KURTZ will have the Express Agency.

MR. ALEXANDER KOSER has been appointed the Agent of the Gettysburg Railroad Company at this place. Possessed of good business qualifications, a proper degree of energy, and an accommodating disposition, we doubt not he will make a most efficient and popular officer.

He will have charge of the Passenger and Freight business.

A Call.

The German Reformed Congregation of this place, at a meeting held on Friday last, resolved to extend a call to the Rev. C. Z. WETSER, of Selinsgrove, Pa. Mr. W. preached here and at Mohr's on Thanksgiving day, and gave great satisfaction to the numerous congregations in attendance.

Painful Accident.

We regret to learn, as we do from the *Hannover Spectator*, that our friend Mr. JOSEPH J. SMITH, residing in the neighborhood of Irishtown, met with a serious accident on the 18th inst., while engaged at threshing with a machine. It appears that his foot was caught in the power and before it could be extricated was dreadfully mashed. This gentleman met with a distressing accident a few years ago. He was thrown under a wagon, the wheels of which passed over one of his legs and broke it in two places.

We call the attention of the trade, and Adams county dealers particularly, to the card of Messrs. WHITE & SWORE, who are in the wholesale Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap business, at the N. W. corner of Baltimore and Howard streets, Baltimore, Md. Their house is not only conveniently located, but at all times contains a heavy stock, in all its varieties, to be disposed of to the trade throughout the country on the most inviting terms. Beside this, the proprietors and their employees are clever and accommodating, and ready to do the best for customers which the state of the market will afford. Those who purchase there once, are generally so well pleased as to patronize the house thereafter, which is certainly a flattering recommendation. The junior partner formerly resided here, and he would be especially glad to have his Adams county friends call in and take a look at the stock.

MR. JOSEPH THOMAN, of Straban township, left at our office on Monday last, a mammoth Radish, weighing twelve pounds! Old Straban beats the Borough.

MR. SCHICK invites the public to step in and take a look at his large new stock of Dress Goods, just received from the cities.

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Hen. Robert J. Fisher.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Court of Quarter Sessions of York county, on Saturday, the 6th instant, the President Judge, Hon. ROBERT J. FISHER, left York for the Northern Central Railway, for Clearfield county, having been engaged to hold a special court in that county.—Clearfield county is a portion of the twenty-fifth judicial district, and the Hon. James Burnside is President Judge. Judge Fisher made a very favorable impression in his brief visit.—The *Clearfield Republican*, of the 11th inst., uses the following complimentary language in reference to him:

"The special court called for this week is now in session. The cause of Patchin vs. Lamsburn occupied the time and attention of the Court until late evening when a verdict was rendered in favor of Patchin. The cause was tried before his honor Judge Fisher of York, who won the esteem and good wishes of the Bar and of all others who formed his acquaintance, by his affable and unassuming manners and superior legal attainments."

The *Clearfield Republican* says: Judge Fisher.—This able jurist and accomplished gentleman, President Judge of the judicial district composed of the counties of York and Adams, presided at our Court this week, in the trial of special causes, in which Judge Burnside while at the bar had been engaged as counsel. Judge Fisher made many friends during his brief visit to this place, and bore away with him the good wishes of all who were fortunate enough to make his acquaintance. We hope this may not be his last appearance among us.

Fatal Accident.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., Mr. JEREMIAH WILKINS, residing at Caladoun Furnace, while engaged in repairing one of the Furnace buildings, met with an accident which resulted in his death a few hours afterward. While nailing a board on the forge building his foot slipped, and he was precipitated down an embankment about six feet. The back of his head struck a post, injuring him in such a manner that he died from the effects in twelve hours. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his sudden death. He was aged 36 years and 7 months.

Property Sold.

The property at New Oxford, belonging to the estate of Mrs. Caroline M. Martin, deceased, was sold on Saturday week, by Dr. J. P. Smith, the executor, for \$1,065. Purchaser, Philip Hemler.

Rev. Henry Clippinger has sold the house in which he formerly resided, in Baltimore st., for about \$1,270. Hon. Moses McClean and Samuel Withers purchasers for Anna McGinley.

The Denwidge property, on South Baltimore street, has been purchased by the St. James Lutheran Congregation, for a Parsonage—price \$1,700.

GEORGE SWORE, Esq., has been re-elected President of the Bank of Gettysburg, T. D. CAISON Cashier, and Jno. H. McCLELLAN Teller. It is needless to say that these gentlemen have performed their several duties with entire acceptability, and that their continuance is a compliment well deserved. That the institution is among the soundest in the State is demonstrated by its monthly statements, published in the papers of the borough.

MR. DANIEL MARTZ, whose sudden death by falling from a horse, we noticed last week, was a brother of Rev. Mr. MARZ, of Harrisburg, formerly of our Seminary, and Missionary to India.

The Store of Mr. LEWIS ELDER, near Emmitsburg, was entered on the night of Thursday, the 18th inst., by the thieves boring a panel out of the door, and robbed of a considerable number of valuable articles.

The sale advertised by Sheafs, Buehler & Kurtz, (horses, wagons, &c.) will take place at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Charles Callahan, (colored,) convicted at the late term of Court of the larceny of a watch from Mr. J. Brigham, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the County Jail and to pay the costs of prosecution. A mistake occurred in this particular in last week's report.

Four inches of snow yesterday morning—here.

Answer to Problem in last week's paper.—Four miles.

U. S. Senators Elected.—The North Carolina Legislature, on Monday, elected Governor Bragg for the long term and Hon. Thomas L. Clingman for the short term (both Democrats), U. S. Senators from that State.

Hon. Henry Bedinger, ex-Minister to Denmark, and formerly a distinguished member of Congress, died suddenly at Shepherdstown, Va., on Friday last.

A Very Young Mother.—In the return of indigent children supported by the town of Taunton, recently made to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the overseers certify that "Elizabeth Drayton was eleven years old the twenty-fourth day of May, 1858; and became the mother of Horace White Drayton, on the first day of February, 1858—three months and twenty-four days before she was eleven years old;" and on the 8th of September of the present year, the mother and child were living at the public charge, in the town of Taunton, Massachusetts.

There is said to be more Lager Beer drank in Philadelphia, than in any city in Germany.

New Publications.

T. B. PATERSON & BROTHERS, No. 306 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, have sent us a copy of "Courtship & Matrimony; with other Sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life." By ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., editor of the "Philadelphia Pennsylvanian Inquirer." Complete in one large volume, of 509 pages, bound—price \$1 25. Read what the *Home Journal* says of it: "In those days, it is gratifying to find a volume, like the present, wherein taste is uninvited and sense undestroyed; in which simplicity of style and clearness of expression are retained, and which is written, not to excite the imagination, pandering to the evil passions of our nature, but to inculcate lessons of wisdom, as well as to draw to tears and move to laughter. We are reminded, in reading these essays, of the genial-hearted Goldsmith. They contain the delicate fancy, the good sense, and the quiet humor which characterize Goldsmith's writings; and they are, moreover, written with like correctness of language."

The PATERSONS have also placed us under obligations for a copy of "The Four Sisters;" a Tale of Social and Domestic Life in Sweden. By FRANKA BURNER, author of "The Neighbors," "Nina," "The If—Family," &c.—Translated by MARY HOWITT. Complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound—price \$1 25. The *Saturday Evening Post* has the following remarks in regard to this, one of the best of Miss Bremer's productions: "The Four Sisters, by Miss Bremer, is one of those novels, by this genial author, which have so pleasantly opened to us the doors of Swedish homes, warmed our hearts in their cheerful fireside glow, and made us familiar with the lights and shadows of Swedish life. The subject of the story is a woman's life and a woman's fate. The novel is full of rich humor, clever character painting, and felicitous descriptions of town life and country life, and in-door and outdoor scenery in Sweden. The translation has been made by MARY HOWITT, who seems born to do two things remarkably well—write admirable stories of her own, and admirably translate the stories of Miss Bremer. We would advise all of our readers to obtain it and read it. It is published by T. B. PATERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, who will send a bound copy of it to any one, per mail, free of postage, on sending \$1 25 in a letter to them."

Getting Their Eyes Opened.

The New Hampshire Statesman, a Republican paper issued at Concord, speaking of the slavery agitation, says:

Now let us inquire, in the name of common sense, of what avail is it to prove by statistics that we pay three-fourths of all the revenues of the Government, while Southern consumers are its largest customers? Of what avail is it to prove, to the satisfaction of every politician, that we supply the South with all that they want, from a top knot to a shoe latchet; with all that they use, from a steam engine to a friction match, when this very process feeds our manufacturers? The South is as necessary to the North as the North is to South. Massachusetts alone makes annually six millions of dollars' worth of shoes. The South is her best customer. When the shoe business declines, gaunt hunger stalks through the streets of her flourishing villages.

New England is extensively engaged in the manufacture of cotton. We buy the raw material of the South and pay it in goods. When our spindles cease to whirl, the operatives are threatened with starvation. It is the spirit of a hyena that bites the hand that feeds it. It is high time to cultivate fraternal feelings between the different sections of our country. Neither commerce, manufactures nor agriculture can flourish while the two hostile portions of our country endeavor to cripple and injure each other. Supposing we succeed in convincing the South of

Office in Centre Square,
Hanover, Pa.

Art and Shoe

T.—The undersigned
to the public that he
connection with his Tan-
OE Manufac
Adams court
to make up Boots and
for Gentlemen, Ladies,
will endeavor to have
on that the public need
reason but that every re-
made to give satisfaction
him with their patron-
GEO. KIRKHAET.
n
which keeps up his five
kitchen, and is selling

